

# When Pershing Led His Men Down the Avenue

Veteran Who Followed Grant Salutes General Pershing

## City Roars Its Tribute To Pershing

(Continued from preceding page)

barred from the line of march until all places were taken, and after that no more spectators were allowed to approach.

Twenty-five feet from each corner of the row of spectators was cut off by a line of policemen. The lines across the sidewalks of the side streets were 25 feet from the avenue. In this was the most difficult points to handle in a parade crowd, the streets corners, were eliminated.

**Crowds Held in Check**

At Forty-second Street the crowd almost broke through when Pershing approached. A yell from the mob along Fifth Avenue and the sudden appearance of millions of pieces of white paper, thrown from windows, warned the persons on Forty-second Street on either side of the avenue that the parade was coming. In a moment nearly a thousand bodies were added to the throng which pushed against the police lines across the middle of the street. The lines, however, gave a few feet and then held firm.

"You have as much chance of getting through this line as I have of riding back Pershing on his horse," said a mounted policeman as he rode, perspiring but unflinched, before the crowd.

**Arch Kept Cleared**

At the Victory Arch in Madison Square where the crowd broke completely away from the police when the 27th Division paraded, more than 100 policemen were on duty yesterday under the direction of Inspector Joseph Conley. No one was permitted within a block of the arch, and the police had no trouble whatsoever.

There was little confusion at the Victory Arch. The crowd of cross-traffic in the parade at Sixty-fifth Street was controlled with the aid of a rope stretched across the roadway at Madison Avenue.

**"Fifth Ave. for Us," Say Pershing's Own**

They had paraded through the Place de la Concorde in Paris, Oxford Street in London and the thoroughfares of the villages on the Rhine. "But, by golly," exclaimed one of them as yesterday's parade reached Washington Square, "Fifth Avenue beats 'em all."

Two men who attracted a lot of interest in the parade were General Pershing's color bearers. Each is a six-footer, and they were selected from hundreds of thousands of men. They were Sergeant Major Harry Cooper, of Boston, who carried the national colors, and Sergeant John J. Weidner, of Toledo, Ill., who carried the general's own four-starred standard.

More than a hundred wounded soldiers were guests at the home of Henry C. Frick, and when they arose to their feet, they were greeted with a burst of applause, after saluting them.

The Rev. Father George Warring, who served as a major with the army, was a member of the reviewing party in the Knights of Columbus stand at St. Patrick's Cathedral, and he tossed all dignity and restraint to the winds when General Pershing appeared.

"Three cheers for General Pershing!" he cried.

And the rest of the stand, including Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop Hayes and Monsignor Ireland Whitehead, responded with a will.

If remarks from the curbs along the route of the parade can be taken as an indication, the most excited boy in the world yesterday was Warren Pershing, the general's son.

"Go!" he yelled, and then, "I wish I was Pershing's kid."

But another boy was more daring. As the general dismounted at Washington Square a fair-haired lad of six, who greatly resembled Warren, dashed from the crowd and grasped the general's hand.

"Hello Mr. General Pershing," he cried.

The general looked at the boy, whose face was beaming, and said: "Won't you tell me your name, sonny?"

"Yes, sir. It's Francis Geiger, and I'm right proud of you, general."

"You certainly are a bright little boy," the great man responded. And Francis was led away bursting with pride. He is the son of George Geiger, and Irvington, N. J., newspaper man.

## Congress Will Greet Pershing Next Thursday

Reception in Honor of U. S. Commander Is Planned, at Which Gold Sword Will Be Presented

WASHINGTON, Sept. 10.—Congress will hold a reception for General Pershing at 2 o'clock September 18, it was decided today by the Special Joint Committee of the House and Senate appointed to make arrangements. The House chamber will be used, although it has been suggested that it weather the reception is expected to be typically American in that there will be speeches of welcome and a response by General Pershing, and then a general hand-shaking "pleased-to-meet-you" reception, in which every member of Congress will have an opportunity to meet the general.

Invitations have been sent to all high officials of the government and diplomatic corps. A special reservation has been made in the gallery for General Pershing's relatives.

General Pershing will be welcomed home in behalf of the Senate by Vice President Marshall and in behalf of the House by Speaker Gillett. The honor of presenting to General Pershing a gold sword has been extended to Champ Clark, Democratic leader. Mr. Clark was selected because he is the veteran member from General Pershing's home state, Missouri.

A resolution extending the thanks of the American people to General Pershing was introduced in the House today by Representative Kahn, chairman of the Military Affairs Committee. It reads:

"Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, that the thanks of the American people and of the Congress of the United States be and are hereby extended to General John J. Pershing for his highly distinguished services as commander in chief of the American Expeditionary Force in Europe and to the officers and men under his command for their unwavering devotion and heroic valor throughout the war."

"That there is hereby appropriated out of any money in the Treasury Department not otherwise appropriated the sum of \$10,000, or so much thereof as may be necessary, for the purchase of a sword of honor to be presented to General Pershing on behalf of the United States."

The only detail lacking in the plans for the reception, according to House members, is the absence of President Wilson from Washington. It was insisted that he be present to welcome General Pershing in person.

General Pershing likes kissing girls, especially if they are about eleven years old and incipient poetesses. He showed this last night at the concert given in his honor in Central Park when Gladys Perkins, of 567 West 171st Street, aged eleven, stepped up to him, presented him with a shield and daintily enunciated the following original couplet:

Is a general more deserving for the deeds of honor he has done?  
Let us all appreciate him for the glorious task he won.

The general sprang gallantly to his feet, gave his service cap a circular sweep, bent down and kissed the child forth. Going directly to the bandstand, he greeted Walter Damosch, chatted with him for a few minutes, then turned to the thousands within range and smiled and saluted on all sides.

He sat in a front seat while the orchestra gave Lalo's overture, "Le Roi d'Ys," and Tchaikovsky's "Andante Cantabile from Symphony No. 5. Then he returned to the platform.

**Pershing Kisses Girl Poet of 11**

**This Was One of Many Features of Park Concert Given in His Honor**

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## Along the Line of March

KITTY DALTON will never forget General Pershing. He is said to be the most beautiful of all the young women members of the Catholic War Workers' Council—so popular that she has been compelled no fewer than 200 times to reject proposals of marriage. So it was not strange that it was she who was selected to present a bouquet of American Beauty roses to Pershing when he reached St. Patrick's Cathedral.

As the general dismounted Miss Dalton handed him the bouquet. He promptly stooped over and kissed her. Then he asked:

"What do we do now?"

"How about another kiss?" she smiled. Then Miss Dalton, who home in 154 East 43rd Street, posed for a picture with the general.

Just before the calvecade moved yesterday morning Private Marvin Smith, of Company M, "Pershing's Own," burdened himself of a bit of the "other side" of the parade question.

"This is sure fine," he said, "but the folks here know only the pretty and the handsome part of it. We were routed out of bed before 2 o'clock this morning and told to furnish up for the 'big doings.' Nothing so picturesque about that, is there?"

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The Red Cross once again proved its efficiency after the parade. Canteens had been established in all side streets through which the troops detoured, and the men were given sandwiches, coffee, ice cream, cake and pie. They were all hungry, even General Pershing.

When the commander started back to the Waldorf-Astoria from Washington Square he was halted by Waverly Place and Washington Square by the members of the Mrs. Van Ingen unit of the Red Cross. He was introduced to all the workers and urged to eat something. He selected a doughnut and a brick of ice cream to stay his hunger.

The gun that fired the first shot from the American lines had a special decoration.

and City Chamberlain Philip Berolzheimer gave a signal to three police officers to bring forward an American flag.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am pleased to present to you the greatest general the world ever has known—General Pershing," said the Mayor.

That was enough. There was thunderous applause as the general bowed his acknowledgments. His face wrinkled in smiles. Turning to Daniel G. Reid, to whom the general was to present a flag, he said:

"We are here to do honor to one of New York's distinguished citizens. During this war the patriotism of the American citizen has been shown in many ways. There has never been in the history of our country a more noble attitude on the part of men to host to host generously than that manifested during the recent war."

"Of those Mr. Reid stands preeminent in your city, and his generous acts that we know of are sufficient to cause the people of this city to recognize them by the presentation of this flag. It gives me great pleasure to represent the city on this occasion."

Then the general handed over the flag to Mr. Reid, who, among other patriotic acts, built and donated to the government General Hospital No. 1 on Gun Hill Road, The Bronx. Every one

## Proud Division Of Yesterday a Mob 2 Years Ago

To Allied Officer Who Saw Landing in France It Was Almost Despair, With Real Soldiers Needed

That First March in Paris

Day Came When French Colonel Saw the Change and Cried "Magnifique!"

By Wilbur Forrest

Who was with the 1st Division over there.

Just two years and seventy-seven days ago, before the morning haze had begun to lift from the harbor at St. Nazaire, France, large numbers of men clad in the neutral brown of Uncle Sam's army began to surge down the gangplanks of war-gray transport ships, stretch their cramped legs and exclaim, one by one, "So this is France!"

It was the 1st Division. It was a uniformed mob—60 to 80 per cent of men a few weeks before following civilian pursuits in the United States—swept into the army through patriotic impulse or desire of adventure.

Yesterday some two million old New Yorkers and others saw that uniformed mob swing down Fifth Avenue, a uniformed mob no longer, but some 28,000 erect, deep-chested bodies with feet hitting the pavement as clockwork, heads erect, guns poised at the properly prescribed angle, torsos swaying rhythmically and faces wreathed in smiles. That was the 1st Division—100 per cent soldiers.

What a contrast to that uniformed mob which I saw scramble any old way off the transport ships two years and seventy-seven days ago!

**Mob Becomes an Army**

New York and the nation have learned much about the 1st Division during the last few days. But none can contrast what Uncle Sam hurriedly equipped and rushed to France in June 1917 with the really in the war—with that veteran fighting outfit that New York saw march down Fifth Avenue through hysterically enthusiastic mobs in Washington Square yesterday morning.

Nothing could prudently be said or written about the 1st Division when it landed in France. To all but those who witnessed it and those military secrets it was merely American soldiers landing in France. To Allied officers who had expected to see seasoned soldiers, it was almost despair. France had celebrated America's entry into the war. She had expected a flood of American troops, almost ready to take their places in the line, relieving weary French units who had fought their ranks thin at Verdun. She suffered a rude shock. Her officers saw the 1st Division land at St. Nazaire, a majority of it round-shouldered youths fresh from grocery stores, bookshops and elsewhere, who wore their uniforms like gunny sacks, walked and acted in the most unilitary manner and had "brookie" written all over them.

Curse it, but no enthusiasm. The 1st Division went into camp at St. Nazaire. French officers, under orders of the War Department at Paris, came daily to look it over. There were superficial smiles and courteous gallop, but no enthusiasm. They came to say that July 4, 1917, had been declared a holiday in Paris, and begged the American command to send American soldiers to make the parade, outside of the 1st Division, but with the more subtle and more secret motive of proving to war weary, discouraged Parisians that Americans really were fighting in France. The 1st Division, however, was not to be sent. It was to stay in France for the long ride to a training area in Eastern France, a battalion entrained for Paris. It was the 2d Battalion of the 16th Infantry, about 1,000 men in all—which New York saw on Fifth Avenue yesterday morning.

Paris was decorated and polished that sunny morning of July 4, 1917, as Paris had never been decorated and polished before. Crowds lined the sidewalks and packed themselves like sardines back from the curbs to get a glimpse of les Americains, "les perles." French men were loaded with roses. French enthusiasm was at the bursting point.

A bugle sounded somewhere down the boulevard. A snappy French Chasseur band hove into view. There was silence except for the hubbub it was making. The band was playing, and Paris was holding its breath. Veteran French soldiers, leading the parade, filed by in perfect alignment. Still silence, except for a few scattered cheers. Flowers remained in arms on the sidewalks, but poilus marched smilingly on.

A great shout rent the air toward the parade at the Concorde. A khaki band came on blaring an American circus tune. Roses filled the air and almost choked the bass horn while its owner struggled hard to keep it going. There was a roar of voices that smote the eardrums. Immediately following the puffing band came les Americains. Paris had been looking for. Indescribable noise rocked adjacent buildings. Parisians became raving, shrieking maniacs—two of demented humanity. Choice flowers paved the Rue de Rivoli. American feet trampled them into the dust. Dainty Parisians, clad in Paquin's latest, flew from the curbs here and there to embrace American khaki. The scene was genuine; it was fervent, almost religious.

**French Officers Cheer Little**

Paris was hailing the American 1st Division. Matter not, however, what the representation of the 1st Division was to Parisians in general, French officers in that howling mob cheered a little, and hit their Charlie Chaplin mustaches. These American soldiers, being taken bodily almost into the fond embrace and kisses of Paris, quivered, blushing, stooping, silent emotional mob!

You could pick the old American regulars in the frowsy ranks as you snatched orchids from dandelions. The others just wore their hollowish chests, here and there, wrinkled the tell-tale newness of their raiment. They dragged and shuffled their feet, quivering blisters on their feet—blisters from a two-mile hike from the barracks just outside Paris down to the city's main thoroughfares. They were weary and tired. Their faces were not marked with marching mania as they shone on Fifth Avenue today. There were scowls of pain, fatigue and sometimes anguish on those faces. It was a grim, walking—not marching—mass of Americans—nothing more.

But Paris didn't care. They knew Americans had reached France. There was doubt, however, in breasts filling French horizon blue uniforms along that line of march—a doubt later to be swept away.

**Then Comes Another Story**

The Americans marched down parallel with the Seine for another mile, cheered to the echo every inch of the way. Erks units who had fought their ranks thin to their barracks. The following day they took the cars to mob swing down Fifth Avenue, a uniformed mob no longer, but some 28,000 erect, deep-chested bodies with feet hitting the pavement as clockwork, heads erect, guns poised at the properly prescribed angle, torsos swaying rhythmically and faces wreathed in smiles. That was the 1st Division—100 per cent soldiers.

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## U. S. Won the War, Mercier Declares

TO AMERICANS must go the credit of winning the war.

Cardinal Mercier, hero-primate of Belgium, now visiting in this country, is the authority for that opinion, and before he departed last night for Baltimore he embodied it in a signed tribute to General Pershing and his army. The statement read:

"The American army won the war and General Pershing was its genial leader. To him our respects, to him our universal gratitude."

"CARDINAL MERCIER, Archbishop of Malines."

join comrades in the training area of Eastern France.

The 1st Division's next appearance for parade purposes was on a plain near Gondrecourt, some time later. This time it was half the number of infantrymen marching in New York yesterday—the 1st Brigade—and they came out of their practice sector of quiet trenches in the Toal area. Here again was another contrast. The ugly worm had snuffled from his shell.

General Pershing, Secretary of War Baker and General Hunter Liggett were there. The autumn brown surface of the impromptu reviewing field and its fringe of dead-leaved trees soon became alive with marching men—masses of khaki which blended. At nearer approach there was mud on that khaki. It was the mud of the trenches. And the men in that khaki! A hand played and they came marching by—long lines of them—America's youngest veterans, but veterans.

The shuffling feet, stooped shoulders and scowls had departed forever. In their places, those who stood on that reviewing field, saw a bulldog swing to straightened shoulders—a sort of "go get 'em" swing—which hit the ground more like they did yesterday, resolute countenances with "eyes right" as they passed a little man in a derby hat and two big generals.

A French colonel present said to me in a tense voice that seemed to come from his throat, "Magnifique," "Superb,"

"Wonderful." There were almost tears in the eyes of a big general, too. It wasn't a shuffling, disintegrated mob. It was the beginning of an army with blood in its eye.

That is why America won this war. Its regular army had confidence in the mob. It diluted its small—pitifully small—regular army until it was as thin as water, mixing the mob with it and rushing it to France.

No one who saw the veteran 1st Division, with its record behind it, march down Fifth Avenue yesterday would ever think of the disintegrated, untrained mob that sent a sample marching through Paris for moral effect—on July 4, 1917. And no one who witnessed the metamorphosis in France will ever again doubt America's strength.

**Veterans Get Message From Pershing To-night**